

# Perfect Storm

Brad Paisley

If she was a drink  
She'd be a single-barrelled  
Bourbon on ice  
Smooth with a kick  
A chill and a burn all  
At the same time

She's Sunday drive meets  
High speed chase  
She ain't just a song  
She's the whole mix tape  
She's so complicated  
That's the way God made her  
Sunshine mixed with  
A little hurricane

Woah-oh-oh

And she destroys me in that t-shirt  
And I love her so much it hurts  
I never meant to fall like this  
She don't just rain she pours  
That girl right there's  
The perfect storm

I know how to make her laugh  
Or blush, or mad at me  
But that's OK there ain't no one  
More beautiful angry

And she loves just as deep  
As she goes when she's down  
The highs match the lows  
Can't have one without the other  
And I love her just the way  
God made her  
Sunshine mixed with  
A little hurricane

And she destroys me in that t-shirt  
And I love her so much it hurts  
I never meant to fall like this  
But she don't just rain she pours  
That girl right there's  
The perfect storm

She's the girl of a lifetime  
A guy like me spends his whole life  
Looking for, that girl right there's  
The perfect storm  
Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh  
(She destroys me in that t-shirt)